

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, December 24, 1912.

A very merry Christmas to all.

Christmas eve. Think of the poor.

For a man who owns the country, J. Pierpont Morgan is modest.

Chief Brinn deals so much in "pipe dreams" on his own account that it is very apt to accuse others of indulging in the same pastime.

Here's mutiny in the ranks. Dr. Anna Shaw, president of the National American Woman's Suffrage association, says everything in connection with woman suffrage looks glorious except the trousers, which she will not wear.

Padewski, the great musician, in a recent interview, declared that both he and his wife were emphatically and entirely in favor of votes for women and their admission to the rights of citizenship and believed that a real reform would follow the enfranchisement of all women. Meanwhile, Mrs. Padewski might contribute to modern reform by trimming her husband's hair.

A LESSON FOR LAWYERS.

There is a little story in the Wisconsin State Journal which carries its own moral. The only point is that the cases of punishment are not more frequent.

On Blackwell's island, New York City's "land of correction," there is now to be seen a big man, about 50 years old, working as a "white wing." He wears the regulation prison garb and trundles his little dump cart about, gathering up the refuse from the streets of New York's prison city. He was one of the leading counsels in a famous murder trial several years ago. He commanded large fees. He had a handsome suite of offices. He wore expensive clothes. His face was round and ruddy, his eye keen and his laugh contagious.

One day an old man was knocked down, in the financial district, and robbed of valuable securities. A reward was offered for the return of the securities, and by and by the thieves entered into negotiations. This prominent lawyer was their intermediary. He said he was their counsel. He was arrested, and convicted as an accomplice, because he had accepted part of the loot as his fee for undertaking the negotiations. He was disbarred, and sentenced to five months on the island.

It is a stooped, tired-eyed man with seldom a smile, who wheels the little refuse cart about the island. When his time is up, what will he do? His profession is closed to him. He is a disgraced man.

What a lesson to every young man in professional or business life! This man must have known well that what he was doing was outside the bounds of legal ethics—outside the bounds of honor and honesty.

But the fee was big, and he thought he could "get away with it."

That dividing line is always there—the line between honesty and dishonesty, between right and wrong. Often there is a temptation to take just a step on the other side of it, when the reward is big and it seems as though it were going to be easy to "get away with it."

Let every man whom temptation may ever confront think what must be the thoughts of that tired-eyed man on Blackwell's island, as his mind goes back to the day when temptation led him to cross that line.

THE GRATEFUL NATION.

Having spent considerably more than \$4,000,000,000 for pensions since the end of the Civil war, congress is now asked for the largest sum on record. This year \$165,000,000 is needed, and the estimate for the next is \$185,000,000.

When it is considered that it is nearly half a century since the close of the Civil war, it must be admitted that here is a republic which is not grateful. It has paid more to the surviving veterans than the contest actually cost in money—something unparalleled in history. It seems certain that the appropriations will exceed \$100,000,000 annually for a decade.

It is believed that about 2,250,000 individuals enlisted in the union army, including a large number of militiamen, who are not pensionable. About 100,000 were killed, mortally wounded or died of disease before the contest ended. It is believed that there are now about 600,000 survivors of the Civil war. Altogether, 2,100,000 persons were pensioned, including widows and children, as well as some of others. The law recently passed greatly increases the sums allowed to ac-

ual veterans, and this is what causes the increase, since the pensions are progressive, according to age.

The average age of enlistment was 22 years. Counting from 1863 as the middle of the war, the average veteran would be about 72 if alive. There were many boys who went into the war who are still in the 60's, and there is not much reason to believe that they will all be gone 20 years hence.

This nation makes no apology for its largeness, but it is certain that no other country could do so much, no matter how good its intentions. It is a noble example to all the world. There are more than 300,000 widows on the roll, and they have a longer expectation of life than the veterans.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS NOBLE SPIRIT.

Christmas, with its holy light, its cheer, its good will among men, comes tomorrow. Commemorating the birth of the divine Child, it is the most sacred as well as the happiest day in all Christendom. To the old, no less than to the young, it reflects the peace of God on earth, which is the good will of men among men.

There are many who, out of the goodness of their hearts, wish they were rich at this time of year that they might do for others, and yet it is the one season when it is blessed to be poor. It celebrates the real virtue of lowliness and humility. The Child of Bethlehem came into the world under the most humble circumstances. Born in a manger, He was given to the world that He might be sacrificed for mankind. He was the evidence of God's great love for man, and it is on this account that Christmas, more than any other festival, is significant in its thought both of the religious meaning of the day and of the poor and the unfortunate.

It is the day of days when people who, though they may have far less of this world's goods than others, find real joy in giving because the act involves some degree of sacrifice. It is noble always to give, but the person who, in order to do so, must make self-denial, keeps the true Christmas spirit.

No work in connection with the general observance of Christmas could bring greater joy and gratification than that in which The Argus has been engaged for several years, with the cooperation of Miss Dina Ramser, Miss Margaret Giles and other noble-hearted women in Rock Island.

In the care of the poor children. Through the Associated Charities, the circles of the King's Daughters, the Salvation Army, and other agencies of a similar nature, the poor people are remembered Christmas day, with food and clothing, but consideration of the children in the happier sense has not been recognized in so comprehensive and systematic a scheme as that which The Argus Santa Claus Fund committee has pursued. If there is a poor child in Rock Island to whom Santa Claus will not come this year, the oversight is unavoidable and the child so neglected is not forgotten. The Argus Santa Claus committee will make another round New Year's eve, one week from today, in order to care for all who may possibly have been overlooked today. Where there are such instances, all that is necessary is to drop The Argus a note or postal giving the names, ages and locations, and Santa Claus will not fail them a week from today. People who may have knowledge of poor children being neglected, will confer a favor by notifying The Argus or either of the committee leaders, Miss Ramser or Miss Giles.

The goodfellow movement, which has enabled people who desire to play Santa Claus themselves by visiting and bestowing happiness upon children for whom Santa Claus would not be able to care otherwise, has proven a happy feature of the Santa Claus spirit, and all who have responded to the opportunity presented by The Argus and have been supplied with names, should not fail in the obligation they have taken upon themselves. They will cause bitter heartaches and disappointment if they do.

The Argus takes this occasion to express its gratitude to all who through contribution to the Santa Claus Fund, or responding to the goodfellow proposition, have cooperated with the annual movement, and likewise to Miss Ramser and Miss Giles and their co-workers and to all who, out of the goodness of their hearts, have contributed to the success of the undertaking.

It is the hope of The Argus that Santa Claus in all that he means to the children of the poor, as well as to those upon whom Fortune has bestowed a more kindly smile may not overlook a single child in Rock Island at this most holy time.

GORDON'S BLUNDER.

Grave Tactical Mistake of a Budding English General.

When General Gordon was a lad at school he was as mischievous as most boys. When the boys had done anything wrong they were shut up in a large, barely furnished room and set to write lines from a Latin author.

Gordon was one of the most frequent prisoners in this room, and he used to be annoyed by the boys who were free coming to the door and jeering at him through the keyhole. Resolving to get even, he procured a large syringe, and, taking it with him the next time he went to write lines, he went round to the various desks and sucked up the ink into the syringe.

By and by he heard stealthy footsteps coming down the passage. Nearer and nearer they came and at last halted outside the door. "They are peeping through the keyhole," whispered the future general, and, placing the syringe to the keyhole, he squirted the contents through with all the energy he could muster.

There was a smothered exclamation of disgust, and then some one fumbled



AFTER THEATRE SUPPERS.

With all the high class restaurants, grillrooms and fine hotels in our city, who are ready with good food and the best of service, still most mothers prefer having a little supper at home for the young people, and many older ones prefer this arrangement, as it gives an opportunity for the use of chafing dish, percolator, electric hot plate and toaster. Both men and women can air their new ideas in cooking and at the same time there is more sociability and real entertaining than could possibly be outside of the home.

Do not make too hard work of it. It is really more in a little planning ahead and not planning for too great a variety. If a Welsh rarebit is decided upon, then a simple salad with French dressing and coffee or any of the light cold drinks, or perhaps a creamed dish of some chicken, sweetbreads and mushrooms is desired, or an omelet, scrambled eggs or oysters, which may be prepared in so many ways, and best of all, sandwiches and coffee, which everyone is sure to like. See that the marketing is done in plenty of time, so everything can be prepared even to the butter molded just to measure a tablespoon, liquids of all kinds in little pitchers on trays, lamps filled for chafing dish, if the electric ones are not used.

Whatever meat is to be used should be measured and cut as desired and

Field of Literature

NEW YEAR AND LIPPINCOTT'S.

Not one of the many publications now being displayed on the newsstands is more attractive—inside or out—than the January Lippincott's. From its very striking cover by the Kinney's to its ever-popular department of humor, "Walnuts and Wine," at the end of the book, there isn't a feature that doesn't demand attention and compel the interest. The novellette is "Tropicana," a stirring tale of love and valor in South America. The man who wrote it—Will Livingston Comfort—also wrote those widely-discussed books "Fate Knocks at the Door" and "Routledge Rides Alone," which is a guarantee of the new novelette's literary excellence. Neither in theme nor in treatment does it in any wise resemble the usual run of adventure stories. The plot is fresh and vigorous and there is the skillful characterization one has been led to expect in Mr. Comfort's stories. The only disappointment the reader is likely to feel is that the tale is not a longer one.

There's a generous allotment of short stories in the number. Edna Kenton contributes "Mercedes the Mind-Reader"; Angus Lynne, "The Honor of Battery B"; Amy Crosby, "The Tuning of Huldah"; Elizabeth Winter, "Unwritten Law"; Carl H. Grabo, "Poor Art's Sake"; and Harold Sus-

man, "Mrs. Warren's Earring." There is also another Russian "Short-Story Masterpiece," "Comrades," by Maxim Gorky. As usual, there is an introduction by the editor. Forbes Lindsay, the well known traveler and lecturer, tells some startling things in "The Menace of China's Development." According to him, there is a very real yellow peril, notwithstanding it is not a warlike one. Edward Sherwood Mead, the financial expert, writes of "The Investor and the Gold Supply," giving facts of vital moment to every investor, great or small. Dr. Mead also conducts the magazine's financial department, "Investment." The department "Ways of the Hour" contains the following short but noteworthy papers: "The Last Refuge of Romance," by Herman Scheffauer; "Overloading the Canal," by Edwin L. Sabin; "Temperament," by Helen Coale Crew; and "The Pride of Inferiority," by Percy F. Bicknell. "Walnuts and Wine," before-mentioned, is full of good things in rhyme and in prose. Minna Thomas Antrim, author of "Don't for Boys," stands sponsor for some thought-provoking "Reminders for Boys."

The poetry in this issue is of unusual interest and unusual merit. Edith M. Thomas, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Alice Hartich, Ethel Hallie Porter, and Edward Wilbur Mason are among the singers represented.

with the handle of the door. It opened, and in stalked the head master, his face black with wrath and his once snowy shirt front black with ink. We must draw a veil over the painful scene which followed.—London Globe.

HART'S EASY JOB.

Slept For a Week and Made Enough to Live on For a Year.

To sleep for one's living, says the London Chronicle, may appeal to some as a more attractive alternative than to work for one's living. But the feat has been achieved. In the Daily Courant of Aug. 9, 1711, the following advertisement appears: "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's hospital, intends to sleep this year at

STANLEY OUT FOR BRADLEY'S TOGA



Rep. A. O. Stanley.

Congressman A. O. Stanley, democrat, from the second Kentucky district, has formally announced his candidacy to succeed Senator W. O. Bradley, republican. Stanley has represented his district in congress for ten years. He was prominently identified with the steel trust investigation.

ready with the milk, cream and other seasonings. Then, after dinner the table can be quickly laid and in a moment after returning from the theatre the coffee machine can be all ready to light. In fact, there should be really nothing to do but for every one to get busy, as that is really where the real pleasure comes in. It is surprising how everybody likes to "str things," and the entertaining part will take care of itself.

SAUCE A LA SCHONBERG.

It was Savarin who said that "The discovery of a new sauce was of more importance than a new planet."

The following sauce is particularly suitable for the chafing dish with fish, chicken breast or guinea hen:

Materials: Butter, two tablespoonfuls; flour, two tablespoonfuls; chicken broth, two cups; cream, one-half cup; tomato sauce, three tablespoonfuls; small onion, one; bay leaf, one; yolk of egg, one; cloves, two; chopped parsley, one teaspoonful; cognac, one teaspoonful; white wine, one-fourth cup; mushrooms, one-half can; sweetbreads, one pair.

Directions: Brown the butter and flour together slightly in the chafing dish directly over the flame; slice onion very fine and cook with this until yellow, and add the chicken broth, tomato sauce or strained pulp, bay leaf, small cloves, parsley, cognac and wine. Season with salt and pepper and strain. This should all be done previous to entertaining, unless there is plenty of time. Now add the mushrooms, sliced and browned in a little butter, with the diced sweetbreads. Mix this all well together. Now add until thoroughly heated, chicken, lobster or any other meats mentioned and when ready to serve, thicken with the yolk of an egg beaten into the cream. Stir well for a moment and serve.

TAKE TIME TO SMILE



Stripes and Bars.

The thin girl and the stout girl were admiring some handsome gowns displayed in the show window of a department store.

"I'd like that one," said the fat girl, indicating one of the prettiest.

"Huh," said the other, "I never wear stripes."

With a glance at the more than sylphlike figure of her companion the stout girl replied:

"Of course not. It would be utterly impossible. There wouldn't be room to put more than one stripe down lengthwise, and if you wore them horizontally they'd be bars."

And Then She Said—

"That's a sad case," said Mrs. Jones, as she laid the paper on her knees and wiped her spectacles. "A bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and by last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech."

"It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Jones, with a sigh. "It's the way of the world. Some men have all the luck."

Unromantic.

"She says I am in her thoughts by day and her dreams by night."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that she is deceiving me?"

"I mean she is wearing a pair of shoes a size too small for her, and by day her thoughts are where her ache is."

Going Some.

"Belle—is she the kind of woman who would take the bread out of another's mouth?"

"Beniah—Why, she would take the hairpins out of another woman's mouth!"

MANY LIKE HIM.



Cook—Gifts will never win a girl's love. You make her a handsome present for Christmas, and you have nothing to show for it.

Hook—But I have. Here's the ticket for my watch.

Wool!

The men who make the "kinky" show to me the things by halves. They star a millmaid chorus so that it can show its calves.

In New York.

The stranger entered the bank and approached the nearest teller. "I want to make a deposit," he said. The teller looked around cautiously, and when he spoke his voice had dropped to a whisper.

"Savings, commercial or police?" he asked.

Vienna's Fame.

"Were you at Vienna when you were abroad?"

"Why should I go to Vienna?" rejoined the girl of icy hauteur. "I care for neither musical comedy nor sausage."

Good Substitute.

"Uncle, tell me all about Ali Baba and the 40 thieves."

"I do not remember that story. But I will, if you like, tell you about my European trip and the 40 hotelkeepers."

Won, Anyway.

Bill—And you say the horse won by a neck?

Jill—Yes.

Bill—I thought a horse always won by four feet.

Sizing Her Up.

Patience—Why do you think she is two-faced?

Patrice—Because she has twice as much chin as other women, and double the amount of cheek.

Driven to It.

Young Widow—Did you have any trouble getting Jack to propose?

Girl-Friend—No, dear; I told him you were *glad*.

Not Interested.

"You really ought to take up the study of reincarnation," said the young woman of great mentality.

"Not I," answered Mr. Dustin Star. "These investigations are giving me all the trouble concerning my past that I can handle at present."—Washington Star.

The Argus Daily Story

The Magic Horn—By Clarissa Mackie.

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The road wound sinuously between tall hedges of blackberry and cat brier. Woodbine draped the young locusts along the fence, and in places the wild grape vines had swung tendrils across the intervening space until they formed a green arbor overhead. The sand yielded easily to the tread, and on either side of the road there was a hard beaten footpath. It was a road for slow moving country wagons or for pedestrians and had never known the arrogance of a motorcar.

Rose Lewis lingered under the grapevines where the sun filtered through and cast flickering shadows on her white hat and gown. Beneath the hat's brim her face looked forth as sweet as her namesakes, the wild roses of the hedge. Under her arm was a roll of music, for she had been giving a piano lesson to the smallest Jones girl, and the hour had been one of such excruciating discords that Rose had sought the lane road, hoping that the song of a thrush might obliterate the inharmonious sounds that still rang in her head.

The thrush was singing on a tall wind bent chestnut tree, and as he swayed to and fro, thrilled with the ecstasy of his own song, Rose paused to watch him. When he had ceased and had winged his way to the woods beyond the girl still stood there enchanted by the bird notes from bough and thicket until from the highway that ran through the valley below there came the melody of a horn. Rose had heard it once before. Late at night it had sounded directly under her window, and she had seen the flash of passing lights and the crunch of automobile tires in the road as the machine whizzed past, and the sound had left its impression upon her.

Now she started again as it echoed through the valley, coming nearer, nearer. She knew that if she hurried to the end of the lane road she would see it pass, but she didn't want to see it. Rose Lewis was a dreamer of dreams, and she preferred to delude herself with the fairy tales of her childhood. Now she laughed as she told herself that it was the magic horn of the fairy prince who was coming to rescue her from a thicket of dangerous thorns. She certainly would not go to the end of the road and see her dream shattered by a mud splashed automobile filled with veiled and goggled forms.

The highway crossed the winding lane just below the tree where the thrush had sung. The horn sounded again, coming nearer, its musical chord trembling on the summer air. Then with a crackling rush something big and black invaded the winding road. Rose had barely time to flee into the thorny thicket when there was a loud explosion, and the big machine came to a standstill in front of her, making her a prisoner among the thorns.

From the red leather cushioned seat a solitary man sat and stared at her from behind big goggles until the truth of the situation burst upon him. Then he flung aside cap and goggles, tore off his linen duster and stepped down into the narrow path. His handsome face was wrinkled with concern as he addressed her.

"I'm afraid I nearly ran you down," he said courteously. "If you will allow me to assist you out of this mess of thorns—there, my knife will make it easier—why, your sleeve is torn, and I'm afraid the thorns have wounded you."

Rose was too startled by the suddenness of the accident to make a reply.

At last he cut an opening in the thicket and gently extricated her from the cruel briars that snatched her skirt and pressed against her rounded arms. Here and there on her sleeve was a red stain of blood.

"I hope you will let me administer some remedies. I have a little case in my pocket with everything to allay pain, and—there, if you will roll up your sleeve a little—now, that ought to give you some relief. Briars are nasty things." As he talked he was dabbling at the wounds with bits of absorbent cotton dipped in some antiseptic fluid produced from the medicine case; then he applied an ointment and deftly wound a strip of gauze down the arm to the slender wrist. When he had finished he looked regretfully at his completed work, very much as if he wished he could do it all over again.

"Thank you so much," said Rose shyly. "It could have waited until I reached home. One is often scratched by thorns in the country."

"But I drove you into the thicket, and I am responsible for your injuries," he protested, with a winning smile, as he snipped the little case together and returned it to his pocket. "I'm afraid I frightened you too."

"I was frightened for the moment. You see, one does not expect motorcars in the lane road."

"I should say not," he ejaculated, as if suddenly aware of his predicament. "It's all the fault of my map. It was erroneous and broken, and I could not determine whether the road to Clifden was the first or second turnoff to the left, so I tossed up a coin and took the first, and here I am with a punctured tire and almost bub deep in sand."

He gazed mournfully at the car, which quite filled the narrow roadway with its bulk.

"You will need assistance to get it out," suggested Rose. "Mr. Jansen, the blacksmith, does that sort of thing. I am sure."

"Thank you. It is very likely that he can help me put on another tire. I will look him up immediately if you will kindly direct me." He looked eagerly at Rose, hoping that the way to the blacksmith's shop would be her path also.

"You must go back to the highway,

and you will find it at the corner of the Clifden road, about a quarter of a mile beyond here. Oh, may I trouble you for my music roll?" She pointed to the thicket, where the forgotten music roll was half hidden among the weeds.

The stranger assisted her into the path, piloted her beyond the bulk of the machine and then returned to the thicket for the music roll. As he extricated it he could not forbear seeing the name engraved on a little silver plate under the strap.

He gave it to Rose and watched her as she went along the path away from the highway, in which direction he must go. He did not know that the shorter route to the Lewis home would be to follow the directions she had given him and return to the highway. Rose wanted to be alone for awhile. She wanted to still the beating of her heart and to feel the telltale flush fade from her hot cheeks before she went home. She turned around for an instant, and then something happened that added to her confusion and embarrassment.

When the stranger had thrown away the bits of absorbent cotton they had clung to the blackberry bushes like tufts of snow. Now, as Rose turned she saw two birds—a yellow warbler and his soberly attired little mate—hover over the bushes and then dart down and away with the bits of cotton in their beaks.

Rose fairly ran until she reached a quiet wood road that would take her home. It had been the most exciting day she had ever known. It seemed as if every incident had borne some significance because of her foolish dreams of magic horns and princes.

The man, Neal Hayden, was not unmoved by what had happened. Once when he had been a little lad somebody had sent him a valentine. It pictured a little girl's sweet face peeping from a bower of wild roses, and the picture clung to him all through his boyhood and youth until he had come to believe that when he found his ideal girl she would have the face of his valentine, and she was always wreathed with roses.

The suddenness of seeing the lovely face of Rose Lewis framed in the pink bloom of wild roses had agitated him for the moment, and then to learn from the music roll that her name was Rose set him to dreaming dreams of his own as he slowly sought the services of the blacksmith. He, too, had reddened as the yellow birds had stolen the bits of cotton from the bushes. Every incident had its significance for him also.

The next day there came a big box of pink roses addressed to Rose Lewis, and inside was Hayden's card without an address. He expressed his hope that Rose had suffered no ill effects from her encounter with the thorns. Rose told the story to her mother, and the roses occupied a place of honor on the piano, where Rose found herself softly playing the plaintive minor chord that sounded from the horn of Hayden's automobile.

Often after that Rose heard the sound of the horn as the machine whizzed past her home, but several months went by, and as she never saw Neal Hayden again she forbade herself to dream of fairy princes and magic horns and tried to forget the incident which at the time had seemed so astonishing to her. But now, instead of dreaming of imaginary princes, Rose found herself with a real flesh and blood hero, who invaded her dreams and refused to be banished.

Then came a day when she went with her cousins to the big county fair. Here were gathered many fashionable folks from the country estates near by, and here were many men from the city. Neal Hayden was there, too. Had when he saw Rose with the Drake Lewises, her cousins, he fairly flew across the intervening space and claimed instant friendship with Drake Lewis, who had been his classmate at college.

After that it was only a question of time before Neal Hayden dared confess his love for Drake Lewis' little country cousin. All through that autumn, when the lane road was turning to a path of crimson and gold, Hayden was seeking for words in which to tell his love. Then one day when the wind was shaking the leaves down in golden showers Rose walked in the lane road and saw Neal Hayden coming toward her.

She waited, looking lovelier than ever in her white knitted coat and white wool cap. Just before they met the same breeze that sent her golden hair in little wisps about her ears shook a dogwood tree, and from the branches there tumbled the cunningly woven nest of a yellow warbler. From it there fluttered bits of white cotton and shreds of the blue paper which Hayden had thrown away.

The empty nest fell to the ground between them, and their eyes met above it, and Neal suddenly was aware that he need not say anything. His eyes had asked the question, hers had answered it, and their dreams had come true.

Dec. 24 in American History.

1745—Benjamin Rush, "signer," colonial congressman and eminent medical practitioner, born; died 1813.
1809—Christopher "Kit" Carson, soldier and scout of the plains, born; died 1868.
1811—Burning of the Richmond theater, Richmond, Va.; 70 persons lost their lives, including the governor of the state.
1814—Treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, ending the war of 1812, signed at Ghent, Belgium.
1903—Rear Admiral Edwin White, U